

The Masse Priests Lamentation,

F O R

The strange alteration, Begun in this Nation
Wherfore he makes great mone,
And sings Ohone Ohone.

The Tune is Poare Shor.



Saint Peters heat,
Is in a sweat,

Alas,

Alas,

The triple crowne
Is tumbled downe,
Adam deare Masse.

Never shall I lipp
On Nuns cherr lipp,
A halter or a whip,

is my doome,

Made of Scottish Wonne,
To swewe us all to Rome,

O hone,

O hone.

Woe is me,
This tym to see,

Alas,

Alas.

A Puritan,
The onely man,
Will put downe Masse.

I fast, and I pray,
But my Beads the take away
and lay I goe astray,

from the True.

There is none will me receiue,
Wherfore now must I greeve.

O hone,

O hone.



The Papists fyne,
With me did toyne

Alas,

Alas.

While there was hope,
The new Pope,
would set up Masse:
But now he is downe,
We all begin to trouine,
which makst me in a swound
thus to faint.
O helpe me some dears Saint,
And heare my sad complaint,

O hone,

O hone.

The Papist paze,
Turnd out of dwre,

Alas,

Alas

And holy Fryer,
Is in the myre
farewell deare Masse,
For now all Priest,
Banished thou seest,
all pray to Crist,
none to Mary.

To custome quite contrary
That heere him will not farry.

O hone,

O hone.

The Masse Priests Lamentation,

F O R

The strange alteration, Begun in this Nation
Wherfore he makes great mone,
And sings Ohone Ohone.

The Tune is Poare Shor.



Saint Peters Keat,
Is in a sweat,
Alas,
Alas,
The triple Crowne
Is tumbled downe,
Adas deare Masse.
Never shall I sipp
On Nuns cherr lipp,
A halter oz a whip,
is my doome,
Made of Scottish Wonne,
To swewe us all to Rome,
O hone,
O hone.

Woe is me,
This tyme to see,
Alas,
Alas.
A Puritan,
The onely man,
will put downe Masse.
I fast, and I pray,
But my Beads the' take away
and lay I goe astray,
from the True'.
There is none will me receiue,
Wherfore now must I greeve.
O hone,
O hone.



The Papists fyne,
With me did toyne
Alas,
Alas.
While there was hope,
The new Pope,
would set up Masse:
But now he is downe,
We all begin to trouine,
which makst me in a swound
thus to faint.
D helpe me some dears Saint,
And heare my sad complaint,
O hone,
O hone.

The Papist poore,
Lurnd out of dwre,
Alas,
Alas
And holy Fryer,
Is in the myre
farewell deare Masse,
For now all Priest,
Banished thou seest,
all pray to Crist,
none to Mary.
To custome quite contrary
that heere him will not farry.
O hone,
O hone.

The second part, to the same tune.



Same inanome voyage,
A Pilgrimage,
Alas,
Alas.
Through places strange,
How must I range,
to find our Masse:
So till I come,
Quite unto Rome
Fortune at home,
will not flatter,
Nor suffer Holy-water: (for
Whiche wec on brows did scat:
O hone,
O hone.

The time is spent,
I sha be shent,
Alas,
Alas.
If haue I stay,
On Beads to pray,
and read more Masse.
If I recant,
Turne Protestant,
no Pardon grant
will the Pope.
Then shall I want such hope,
If I Religion coape.
O hone,
O hone.

At. Marys Creed,
Be my god spae,
Alas,
Alas.
Where should I run,
This scourge to shan.
Adue deare Masse
Tyme with his whip,
Waks me to skip,
Where should I slip,
me to hid
For such as Masse detide,
they can not me abide
O hone,
O hone.

Very sick,
Is Catholique
Alas,
Alas.
The Parliament,
Is fully bent,
to put downe Masse
Iesuit and Frier
hang in the Wer
Like Dun in the mire
well-aday.
And those that were my stay
Must hang, or run away
O hone,
O hone.

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